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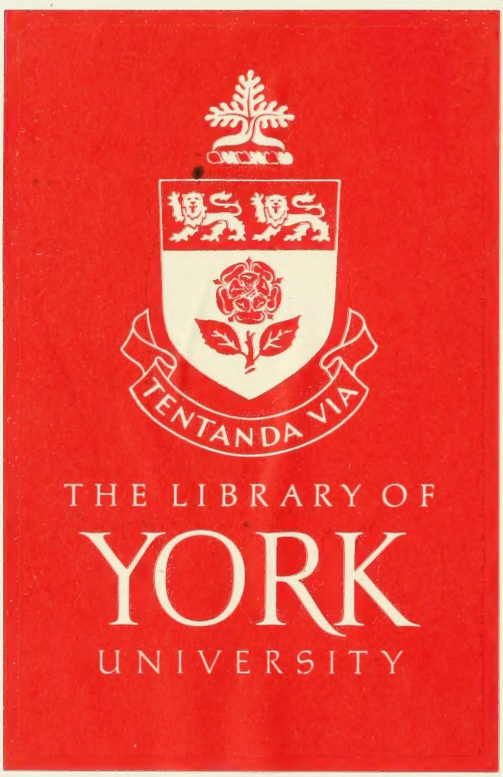

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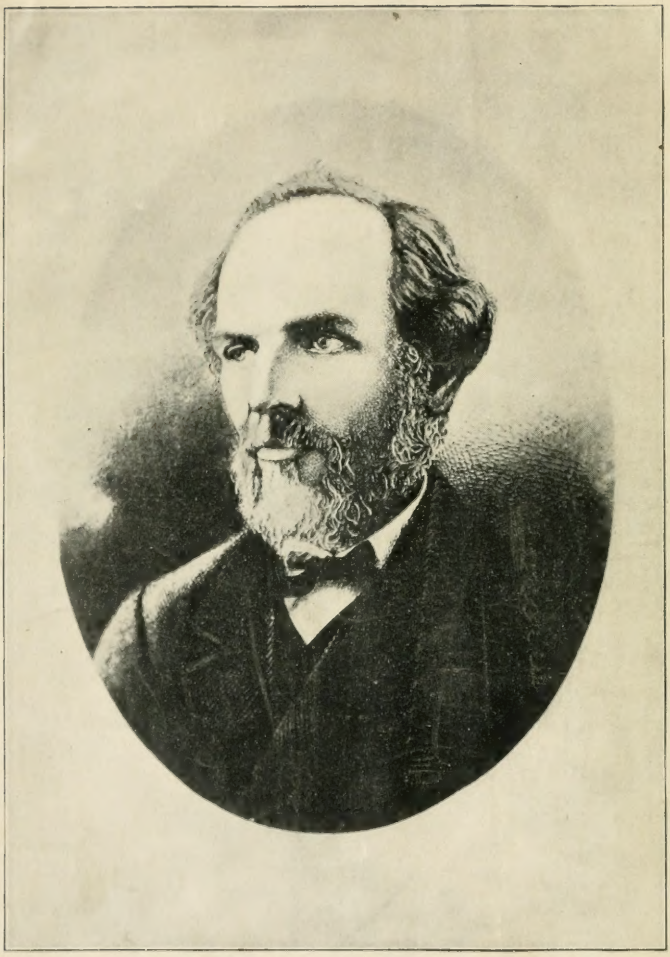

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

II.—*Charles Heavysege.*

By Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee.

(Communicated by Mr. D. C. Scott.)

(Read May 22nd, 1901.)

Charles Heavysege, poet and dramatist, was born in the county of Yorkshire, England, on the 2nd May, 1816. He was married in 1843, and emigrated to Canada, with his family, in 1853, settling in Montreal, where he continued his occupation as a wood-carver. He afterwards became a reporter on the staff of the Montreal *Witness*, which position he held almost up to the time of his death, in 1869.[1]

Heavysege was not a man of action. He took no part in politics or public affairs. His influence, so far as it was felt at all in his day, was purely intellectual. He was a thinker and a poet. It is therefore with his works, rather than with the man, that we are chiefly concerned. Nevertheless, before proceeding to a consideration of his dramatic and lyrical poetry, it may be interesting to glance briefly at the man himself, his personality, his life, and the conditions under which he worked. While this cannot, of course, affect the *actual* value of his achievement in poetry, it may help us to a clearer understanding of its *relative* value, as the life-work of one whose efforts towards a noble end were made under grievous disadvantages, and in the midst of a peculiarly unsympathetic environment.

Data bearing on the personal side of Heavysege is extremely meagre. He had few friends, and even to those few he never consciously revealed himself. His was one of those rare natures, self-contained, self-reliant, which seem to feel little need of human support or sympathy, content if they be but allowed to live out their lives in their own way.

The following biographical notes have been gathered mainly from the few surviving friends and relations who knew Heavysege with some degree of intimacy.

One of these friends describes him as a man of medium height, somewhat stooped, with a sallow complexion, aquiline nose, gray and earnest eyes, and light hair. Elsewhere he is said to have been "a small, very reticent man, who walked along the streets wholly wrapped up in

[1] He left a widow (who died last year, in Winnipeg, at the age of 83), and three daughters. See Appendix A.

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himself, so that a literary acquaintance of his says Heavysege's appearance always reminded him exactly of "The Yellow Dwarf,"—

> "He walked our streets, and no one knew
> That something of celestial hue
> Had passed along; a toil-worn man
> Was seen, no more; the fire that ran
> Electric through his veins, and wrought
> Sublimity of soul and thought,
> And kindled into song, no eye
> Beheld." [1]

Still another describes his appearance as striking. "His forehead was unusually large, and his eyes were those of a man who was often lost in thought."

"He had plenty to say among his friends," (writes a fourth.) "His conversation was not unusual, and he talked chiefly about poetical matters. His reading was not discursive. The Bible and Shakespeare were his two books. He had a high opinion of his own work, and was obstinate about having anything cut out by his friends. Being a man without general culture he could not well distinguish in his own work between what was good and what was bad. He knew what cost him a long time to do, and he was apt to overvalue that." [2]

Another friend describes him as having blue, instead of gray, eyes. He says: "I remember him very indistinctly. I was only a boy in the *Witness* office, and he was well up in years. He had been a carpenter, or rather cabinet-maker. and showed signs of hard work in the stooped shoulders. He had a Shakespearian look—very expressive, poetic, blue eyes. A great thinker, dreamer! Quiet in mannner, difficult to know. Broad in his religious views, I should say, and inclined to be conservative in politics." [3]

A more intimate view of the dramatist is given by one of his daughters:—

"He had all a poet's intense love and appreciation of nature. He fairly revelled in the changes of the autumn season. I have in my mind a day when we were climbing Mount Royal together, when he became almost translated and carried right out of himself with the beauty and grandeur of the scene. He gloried in a thunder storm, and winter to him was full of beautiful and suggestive thoughts. Many an inspiration would come to him in the night. and he would spring up and jot it down—'roughing it in,' as he used to call it." [4]

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[1] W. D. Lighthall, in Introduction to *Songs of the Great Dominion.*

[2] Dr. S. E. Dawson. [3] William Drysdale.

[4] (Mrs.) Harriet Pettigrew (formerly Miss Heavysege). Mrs. Pettigrew, after drawing attention to, and denying, one or two inaccurate statements

An interesting and graphic description is that given by one of his fellow-poets in Montreal[2]—the only surviving member of a small contemporary group in which Heavysege was the most striking figure.

"I first met Charles Heavysege" (he says), "in the summer of 1858. He was then living on St. Constant Street, Montreal, and pursuing his occupation as a carver in the firm of J. & W. Hilton, cabinet makers and upholsterers. I was introduced to him by a Scotchman who had been a friend of Charles Swain and other poets, and whose mind was a rare treasure-house of quotable, and especially recitable, verse. During the last two years many a time has the roll of his voice as he recited Pringle's tribute to wild South Africa — 'Afar in the desert I love to ride'—come back to me over the distance of years. We called on Heavysege together and had a pleasant chat.

"Heavysege told me that he was accustomed to compose while he was engaged at work, the occupation of his hands not interfering with the efforts of his mind. Speaking especially of *Saul*, he said that in this way he had elaborated some of the liveliest scenes. It was the mistake of his life to give up his place in Hilton's factory in order to undertake what must, to a man like him, have been painful drudgery. It must be borne in mind that his gift as a poet was rather a hindrance than a help to him in the writing of reports for the daily press. He was most conscientious with his work, but, entering late in life on a career that demands facility in the use of the pen, much concentration, and occasionally great rapidity of thought and expression, he had to waste precious time in acquiring an accomplishment in which he could never really excel, and which, under the circumstances, must ultimately ruin his prospects as a poet. I never saw him spending his intellectual strength in that way without feeling how lamentable his choice had been. Whether such a course was suggested to him by some of his friends, or was adopted without such prompting in the hope that he might in a few years make a fair living, besides winning a reputation as a man of letters, I do not know. He was much respected by all who had the privilege of his acquaintance, though, as might be expected from his character and habits, his range of interests was not very comprehensive, and he liked most to converse with those whose tastes enabled them to appreciate his poetry. He was not a widely read man

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which have appeared from time to time in print, as to Heavysege's poverty, his employment having been that of a carpenter, etc., adds that no unpublished poems of his remain in existence, as it was his habit to destroy anything that he did not think would live. This latter statement has some bibliographical interest, as it has been several times stated in magazine articles that Heavysege left a number of unpublished poems. See Appendix B.

[2] John Reade, F.R.S.C., now literary editor of the Montreal *Gazette*.

even in the poets. Dramatic poetry engrossed his attention. At his request I once lent him some of the Greek dramatists in English, but (save the Iphigenias of Euripides) he did not seem much impressed by anything that he read there. Shakespeare he had read more than any other author, and, of course, he must have studied the Old Testament. In his quiet way he was strongly set in his opinions. This was frequently exemplified while he was preparing the Boston edition of *Saul*. Against the advice of friends, some of whom were (ex-officio at least) men of large knowledge and practised judgment, he retained passages that, for reasons given, were unsatisfactory to others. Indeed, he never willingly consented to sacrifice a line that he had once penned. His most successful venture in publication was, however, that in which he accepted most largely the suggestions of friendly criticism. I mean *Jephthah's Daughter*.

"I did not see much of the poet for a couple of years afterwards, as I soon left Montreal, but on my return, in 1859, I renewed acquaintance with him, and one of the first things he told me when I saw him again was that he had written a drama (a drama with a purpose, he called it)[1] and that he thought of publishing it. Early in the summer of 1860 it was brought out. He was good enough to present me with a copy."

Mr. Reade again left Montreal about this time, and while away received occasional letters from Heavysege, in one of which the dramatist writes (March 14th, 1862):—

"I have no news worth communicating, except the circumstance of my having given a reading from *Saul*, in Nordheimer's Hall, should be considered such. There was no reason to be dissatisfied with either the number or the behaviour of the audience."

Mr. Reade continues:—"During my hurried visits to Montreal I sometimes met Heavysege. I remember once (1865, I think) meeting him and retiring for a chat to one of the squares. He was (I think) then connected with the *Witness*. I met him again in the spring of 1867, on Beaver Hall Hill, and we exchanged a few words. On the 1st July, 1867, I met him on Haymarket (now Victoria) Square, and there, amid the thunders of Colonel Stevenson's artillery, he regaled me with his views on dramatic poetry. In the summer of 1872 I was for a short time his co-worker. We met occasionally up to the time of his last illness and death, and I often heard of him from his good friend, George Martin. I attended his funeral in July, 1876. Among those present were the late Hon. Thomas White, Mr. John Redpath Dougall, John E. Logan, the late John Lesperance, the late George Martin, the late Thomas D. King, and a number of others, literary men and journalists."

[1] *Count Filippo; or, The Unequal Marriage.*

One additional glimpse (in the manner of Pepys) is furnished by an old Montreal printer,[1] who knew Heavysege for several years:—"Once, in '79" (he says), "I saw Heavysege in his work-shop at a job of carving. I remarked to him that his was a poetic trade,—with which *en passant* he seemed well pleased." [2]

Heavysege was an honorary member of the old Montreal Literary Club,[3] which flourished for a year or two, and expired shortly after the death of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, who was one of its leading spirits. It counted among its members, besides McGee, Dr. (afterwards Sir) J. W. Dawson, Hon. Pierre J. O. Chauveau, Sir William Logan, and others. Mr. Henry J. Morgan, probably the only surviving member of

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[1] William Boyd.

[2] [Extract from a letter to the *Witness*, Montreal, signed "Admirer."]

"I remember well, when in Montreal, attending the funeral of Sir George Cartier. It was a still June day, and so sultry that the languid leaves hung limp on the drooping boughs. Multitudes thronged the streets, either from curiosity or to do honour to him whose body had been borne across the ocean for burial. Boys in the crowded streets sold medals and memorial badges upon which was inscribed his name and portrait. The sombre funeral car bearing aloft the coffin, trappings of woe and stately cross, moved slowly along, the cross bent by coming in contact with telegraph wires and low bending boughs. These incidents would probably have been forgotten were it not for my companion who was with me at the time. He was of medium build, and slender, with hair and whiskers of grey and white, exposing rather than hiding a finely formed forehead and oval face. His form was slightly bent, and his mild eyes seemed ever fixed on the future. The whole presence suggested unusual personality.

"As we climbed up Beaver Hall Hill together, the band in advance poured forth with muffled drum the solemn music of the Dead March in "Saul." My unknown companion seemed transformed; his soul, filled with the glorious music, overflowed; his mellow voice grew firm; his words came fast, and he spoke as one inspired with deep poetic feeling. King Saul was his theme, and he dwelt on the fitness of such marvellous music in his memory. I then recognized him for the first time as Charles Heavysege, who wrote *Saul*, one of the most remarkable and singular poems of modern times."

[I have since learned that this letter was written by Mr. George H. Flint, now of the Linotype Company, Montreal, and formerly on the staff of the Montreal *Witness*.]

[Since the above notes were written, my attention has been drawn to several very interesting letters, of an autobiographical nature, from Heavysege to Charles Lanman, the American artist, essayist and journalist, and the friend of Longfellow, Washington Irving, Daniel Webster and Horace Greeley. These will be found in Appendix C, together with letters to Heavysege from Emerson, Bayard Taylor and others.]

[3] It was after he joined the Montreal press that he was, on the proposition (I think) of the late Ven. Archdeacon Leach, made one of the few honorary members of the Montreal Literary Club."—*John Reade.*

the Club, mentions that Heavysege attended their meetings occasionally and read portions of his dramas.

Although not a Canadian by birth or education, his dramatic and other works were written entirely in Canada, with the exception of his first poem, *The Revolt of Tartarus*.[1] And, indeed, it can hardly be said that his education was much more English than Canadian, for he was intellectually a self-made man, a close student of Shakespeare and the Bible, beyond which he concerned himself little with English or any other literature. It may be safely said that he owed much to the sympathetic and intelligent friendship of such of his Montreal contemporaries as John Reade, George Murray, S. E. Dawson, W. D. Lighthall, George H. Flint, and George Martin. To the latter he indeed was more deeply indebted, for we are told[2] that when the second edition of *Saul* was proposed by the publishers, Heavysege was in financial difficulties, and confided himself to Martin. The latter, who had put aside a sum for the publication of his own book of verse, generously lent it to Heavysege. *Saul* turned out a financial loss, however, and poor Heavysege went disconsolately to Martin on the day his note fell due. Martin took the note and tore it into pieces, and it was never again mentioned between them. It is pleasing to know that Martin's own book, *Marguerite and Other Poems*, which contains, among many other poems, a fine lyrical tribute to Heavysege, was eventually published.

It is hard for anyone not familiar with the intellectual condition of Canada in the days when Heavysege was writing his dramas and poems, to appreciate the difficulties and discouragements of his task. Our people, even in these days of national and imperial growth, are not too sympathetic in their treatment of Canadian men-of-letters and Canadian books. They generally wait until a man has made his mark in London or New York, before they applaud him as a Canadian. We have not yet quite outgrown the pitiful tendency to mimic the good-natured contempt of English critics for Colonial productions; nor is that contempt quite a thing of the past in England, though happily fast becoming so. And if this is so now, it was vastly more apparent in the middle of the last century. With the single exception of Haliburton ("Sam Slick"), there was not a Canadian to be found whose work, whether in verse or prose, was known outside the borders of

[1] *The Revolt of Tartarus*, according to Allibone's *Dictionary of Authors*, was published at London, in 1852. Mrs. Pettigrew, Heavysege's daughter, confirms this. Mr. C. C. James, in his *Bibliography of Canadian Poetry*, mentions a Montreal edition published in 1853. After diligent search I have been unable to find a single copy of this book extant.

[2] Lighthall's *Songs of the Great Dominion*, Introduction.

Canada; and within those borders the audience was confined to a very narrow circle of intellectual friends. Canadians were, most of them, too fully occupied in carving homes for themselves out of the wilderness, or earning a precarious livelihood in our comparatively small towns, to give any serious heed to literature, especially the native production.[1] Magazines were started, one after another, in such centres as Montreal or Toronto, by optimistic men or women. They lived, generally, for about six months; rarely for a year; and then succumbed to the rigour of our intellectual climate. Only one managed to live for any length of time, *The Literary Garland*, and that was exceptionally fortunate in having the active support of such well-known writers as Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Traill (two of the famous Strickland sisters), Mrs. Leprohon, and Dr. Dunlop—"Tiger" Dunlop, of the Canada Company.

It is right, therefore, that we bear in mind, in our consideration of the dramatic and other poems of Charles Heavysege, the exceptionally adverse conditions under which they were written. Not that this should be allowed to bias our critical judgment touching their merits, but it might reasonably lend them a special value, apart from purely literary standards, as the achievement of a man who refused to be daunted or turned from his path by the most formidable difficulties, and was not discouraged even by the stolid indifference of those to whom he addressed his message.

Three years after the appearance of his first book, Heavysege brought out a book of Sonnets, fifty in all.[2] This book, like the first one, was published anonymously.

Then followed his most ambitious piece of work, the drama *Saul*.[3] This drama, which is divided into three parts, each of five acts, and altogether about ten thousand lines in length, made little or no impression upon the public, either at home or abroad, until the appearance in 1858 of a long and sympathetic review of the book in the *North British Review*,[4] the writer thereof having received a copy from

[1] (From a letter signed "Admirer," in the Montreal *Witness*.)

"At the time that Charles Heavysege wrote, Canada was just emerging from a great political era, and perhaps was not quite prepared to take an unknown poet to her heart, without some wooing, especially as he did not sing her praises, or ring out with clarion note that which would appeal to a patriotic people."

[2] "Sonnets: by the Author of 'The Revolt of Tartarus,'" Montreal, H. & G. M. Rose. Great St. James St. MDCCCLV. [The only copy I know of is in the possession of Dr. S. E. Dawson, of Ottawa.]

[3] "Saul: A Drama in three parts." First edition, Montreal, John Lovell, 1857, pp. 315. Second edition, Montreal, John Lovell, 1859, pp. 328. Third edition, Boston, Fields, Osgood & Co., 1869, pp. 436.

[4] *North British Review* ("The Modern British Drama"), August, 1858. The article is printed as Appendix D to this paper.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, who warmly recommended it to his notice. Praise from such a conservative and cautious English periodical as the *North British Review*, of a Colonial production, was no common thing in those days, and the author at once came in for a good deal of belated and second-hand appreciation in Canada. Lighthall tells us that it even became the fashion among tourists at Montreal to buy a copy of *Saul*—presumably as a souvenir of the place. What is more important, however, as an outcome of this review, Heavysege wisely availed himself of certain helpful suggestions made by the writer thereof, and subjected the drama to a searching revision, cutting out a number of passages which were not essential to, and in fact rather militated against, its unity and simplicity.[1]

Longfellow had come upon a copy of the first edition, and was much impressed with its genuine dramatic power and insight. He said of Heavysege (somewhat extravagantly perhaps) that he was "the greatest dramatist since Shakespeare." This opinion is interesting, coming from such a source, but not exactly convincing. Longfellow was more inspiring and reliable as poet than as critic. His estimates of the work of his contemporaries were not always sound. He preferred rather to over-praise than to risk giving pain by a strict adherence to critical standards.

Bayard Taylor also praised Heavysege's work,[2] in the *Atlantic Monthly*. He had already met him in Montreal. *Saul* was noticed, as well, and on the whole very favourably, in a good many of the best critical journals of the day, English and American.[3] Richard Grant White, an American man-of-letters, wrote an appreciative notice in the *Galaxy*, May, 1869. Charles Sangster, one of Heavysege's Canadian contemporaries, had an interesting review in *Stewart's Quarterly*,[4] the same year. Both these latter reviews had reference to the third and

[1] "In *Saul* we found a certain power of expression and wealth of imagery spoiled by defective versification, by anachronisms, and prolixity."—*George Murray.*

[2] "Much of it might have been written by a contemporary of Shakespeare. . . . . Never was so much genuine power so long silent."—*Bayard Taylor.*

[3] The first recognition of Heavysege in the United States was contained in a paper by Charles Lanman, which appeared in the New York *Evening Post*, in 1860. Five years afterwards Mr. Lanman wrote a much fuller notice, in the *Round Table*, in reply to Bayard Taylor's article in the *Atlantic*. Mr. Lanman thought that, while the tone of Mr. Taylor's criticism was kind, manly and appreciative, in regard to matters of fact connected with Heavysege's personal history it contained a few errors, which he thought proper to correct.

[4] *Stewart's Literary Quarterly*, St. John, N.B., Vol. III., p. 88.

final edition of *Saul*. There is also a rather elaborate analysis of the drama in an essay on "Some Canadian Books," in Ramsay's *One Quiet Day*, a Canadian book.

These notices (which might be supplemented by many others) may be taken as fairly representing the interest which *Saul* excited among those of his contemporaries best capable of judging.

Nearly all the extracts from Heavysege's works found in the different Canadian and American anthologies, are taken either from *Saul*, or from the Sonnets. Stedman gives several long extracts in his *Victorian Anthology*, and others will be found in Dewart's *Selections from Canadian Poets*, Lighthall's *Songs of the Great Dominion*, Rand's *Treasury of Canadian Verse*, etc.[1]

For the third (Boston) edition of *Saul*, Heavysege subjected his work to still further and more anxious revision, cutting out passages, or even entire scenes, adding new material where the action or plot seemed to demand it, enriching the phraseology, and generally putting into the drama the fruit of his latest thought, the best that was in him.[2]

Mr. William Boyd,[2] now of Manchester, Mass., but formerly a Montreal printer, who prepared the "copy" for both the second and third editions, tells me that Heavysege wrote a stage version of *Saul*, at the request of a New York theatrical manager. Miss Charlotte Cushman was to have taken the part of Malzah, Saul's evil spirit. Her death, shortly after the completion of the play, unfortunately killed the production. Heavysege had been paid for the manuscript, but always regretted that he had not the "copy" back again.

The first act of the drama opens on the Hill of God, with the Philistine garrison adjacent. A number of demons are dancing. Zaph, their chief, stands apart, with Zepho, his messenger. Zepho announces the approach of the newly-anointed Saul, with a company of prophets and followers. They enter, the prophets chanting, the demons remaining as invisible spectators, and commenting with cynical mockery upon the lamentations of the prophets.

From the very first it is instructive to note Heavysege's emendations in the second and third editions of *Saul*. In the second edition he cut

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[1] Only sonnets are given by Lighthall and Rand, two being included in the former's anthology, and four in the latter's.

Mrs. Harrison's ("Seranus") *Canadian Birthday Book*, contains eight short fragments, taken mainly from *Saul*.

[2] Mr. William Boyd states :—"Mr. H. H. Clark, the literary proof-reader for Welch and Bigelow, Cambridge, Mass., I think touched up a little the third edition, of course with Heavysege's consent, as it was going through his (Mr. C.'s) hands."

[3] The same who is referred to in the accompanying facsimile letter.

out many passages that were not essential, and in the third he made still further changes in the text, and vastly improved the language of some of the scenes, both in clearness and musical phrasing. It is significant, too, that in many cases these revisions resulted in the substitution of simple, strong Saxon phrases for the more pretentious and less direct words of Latin origin. For instance, in the second edition, a Hebrew, speaking of the King, says:—

> "Had he a prescience that he
> should be selected?"

This becomes, in the third edition:—

> "Did he foreknow
> he was the great king coming?"

In the second scene, Saul, having been anointed king by Samuel, has returned to his home at Gibeah, and resumed his former calling of herdsman. In the third and fourth scenes Saul appears as king among the people, and summons them to Gibeah to withstand the Ammonites, who are besieging Jabesh-Gilead. Nahash is defeated, and Saul returns to Gilgal to be crowned.

The second act opens at Michmash. A messenger announces that Jonathan has overthrown the Philistine garrison at Geba. Saul and Jehoiadah the Priest hasten to the Hebrew camp at Gilgal, where the ill-equipped and half-hearted followers of Saul are confronted by the veteran hosts of Philistia. Saul, disheartened by the continual desertion of his men, and chafing over the non-appearance of Samuel, himself offers the burnt-sacrifice on the altar. Samuel appears and sternly rebukes the king, telling him that his posterity shall not wear the crown of Israel. Samuel goes out, and Saul tries to persuade himself that his disobedience of God's command had been justifiable.

The Philistines are triumphant in the field, and Saul and Jonathan retire, Saul bitterly complaining, Jonathan bravely resigned to the inevitable. To Saul's pessimistic cry:

> There is no virtue left in mortal man,—
> Nay, women had done better.

he replies:

> What we have done, O king and sire, is ours,
> Part of ourselves:—yea, more, it will not die
> When we shall, nor can any steal it;
> For honor hath that cleaving quality,
> It sticks to us and no one may remove it,
> Save our own selves by future deeds of baseness.

In the next act, Saul having been sufficiently humbled, the angel Gloriel is sent to interpose on behalf of the Hebrews. He compels

Zaph, the evil spirit, to marshal his band, and infatuate the Philistines, so that each man shall take his fellow for an enemy. Zaph unwillingly

Mr Boyd corrected the proof sheets of my work, "Saul," a drama; and, from the manner in which he performed that task, has given me the highest opinion of his care and professional ability.

C. Heavysege

obeys. Meanwhile the Hebrews, ignorant of their celestial champion, are filled with gloomy forebodings. Says one:

> There is a nameless vapor in the air,
> That puts out merriment. . . . .
> Well, all must die! and hath it not been written,—
> Man is a pipe that Life doth smoke,
> As saunters it the earth about;
> And when 'tis wearied of the joke,
> Death comes and knocks the ashes out.

Jonathan alone seems to be possessed of the hope that God will even yet deliver them from the hands of their enemies. Accompanied by his armour-bearer, he goes by night to the camp of the Philistines, and as he reaches the fortress the garrison is discovered in an uproar,

Philistine turned against Philistine. They come tumbling like a torrent on the field, and the Hebrews fly upon them and drive them tumultuously forth with great slaughter.

Saul, by divine command, exterminates the Amalekites, but having accomplished the terrible deed, having destroyed all, even white-haired men, gentle women and innocent children, his heart rebels against the slaughter. Even this wholesale destruction is not enough. Saul has not made an end of everything. He has saved the king of the Amalekites, and also the choicest of the cattle for a burnt-offering, and in this has once more provoked the anger of God. Jehovah will cast him off from being King of Israel. Samuel is at length persuaded to intercede for him. The prophet himself slays the Amalekitish king, and offers sacrifice on the altar on Saul's behalf.

In the fifth act is introduced the most striking character of the drama, Malzah, Saul's evil spirit.[1] Seldom indeed has so successful an attempt been made to create a supernatural being who would appeal to the reader's sympathy with all the force of a human character. The vague, intangible conceptions that most of us have of the nature of a supernatural being are here put into concrete form with marvellous skill. Malzah, though an evil spirit, does not repel us. He pities Saul, while compelled to drive him to madness, as decreed by the higher powers. The author has conceived him as a mischievous sprite rather than one altogether vicious.

Saul, possessed by Malzah, becomes an object of pity and terror. David is brought to him, and with his harp charms away his madness. Malzah is left without occupation.

In the second part of the drama the personality of David looms up ever more largely, and overshadows that of Saul, around whose unfortunate head the clouds of adversity, resulting from his own obstinacy and lack of faith, grow denser and more ominous. Ahinoam, Saul's gentle and devoted queen, brightens many otherwise gloomy scenes with her presence, and our vivacious friend Malzah flashes as a ray of sunshine—evil sunshine if you will have it so—across the darkening pages.

Saul cannot drive from his mind that terrible picture of the slaughtered Amalekites, and rebelliously questions the goodness of

[1] "'Malzah' was to him the most real of all the characters in the drama. He looked upon that spiritual being as in a peculiar sense the creation of his inventive faculty, and had come at last to regard him as having a certain personality, as though he were a sort of familiar of his own."—*John Reade.*

Jehovah. To Abner's plea that the execution of Agag was a just retribution, for he had made women childless, Saul impatiently replies:

> Have we not all, who draw the sword, so done ?
> Shall not Philistia's mothers curse again,
> Ere long, our arms that shall bereave them ? Shall
> Not Israel's matrons do the like, and howl
> By hill and valley their young darlings slain ?
> Thrice helm thy head ; for soon will at it beat
> Such storm of curses, both from sires and mothers,
> As thou hast never seen its counterpart,
> Not e'en when darts flew at thee thick as hail.
> 'Twas retribution ?—Oh, no more of that ;
> Or the great ghost of Amalek will rise,
> And stand before us with grim-eyed rebuke.

In the following scene David is found at the Hebrew camp overlooking the valley of Elah. The giant Goliah has scornfully challenged any champion of the Hebrews to meet him in mortal combat, but none has dared to meet the huge Philistine. A soldier informs David that the king has promised his daughter in marriage and great riches to anyone who shall kill Goliah. David replies, in memorable words:

> O, dead to all, to freedom dead indeed,
> When fear of death commends to shameful life,
> And Dagon dares the God of Israel !
> Oh Israel, where is thy valor ! Then
> Has none yet offered move from us this shame ?
> For what is this uncircumcisèd one,
> That he for forty days hath been allowed
> Defy the army of the Living God !

After David has slain Goliah, the Hebrew soldiers, grown suddenly valorous, discover that the giant had been after all very much overrated. The Hebrews attack the Philistines and defeat them, and Saul returns to his tent, weary and depressed.

> To hunt and to be hunted makes existence ;
> (he soliloquizes)
> For we are all or chasers or the chased ;
> And some weak, luckless wretches ever seem
> Flying before the hounds of circumstance, ...

But he reveals a nobler philosophy in his rebuke to David, who has hastily condemned Goliah as utterly ignoble and evil. Saul replies:

> Full many things are best forgot ; and all
> The dross of life, men's vices and their failings,
> Should from our memories be let slip away,
> As drops the damaged fruit from off the bough
> Ere comes the autumn. It were wise, nay just,
> To strike with men a balance ; to forgive,
> If not forget, their evil for their good's sake.

There is a fine passage between Jonathan and David, the Hebrew Damon and Pythias. Jonathan, the king's son, sues for David's friendship, and David, remembering the difference in their rank, is for a time respectfully distant, but in the end succumbs to the genuine warmth of Jonathan's love.

O, David, genius makes the world its vassal,
(says Jonathan)
Lo, now I woo thee, let us woo each other,
And not by means of woman-winning words,
But by the manlier proxy of our deeds.
Let thine, performed in Elah's steep-bound vale,
Approach to mine, performed at steepy Michmash.
Let Elah Michmash kiss, and Michmash Elah ;—
And for the rest, why, let us imitate them.

Saul is again possessed by Malzah, and raves wildly in his madness. He exhausts himself with his mad rage, and Malzah, released for a time from duty, sings:

There was a devil and his name was I ;
From Profundus he did cry ;
He changed his note as he changed his coat,
And his coat was of a varying dye.
It had many a hue : in hell 'twas blue,
'Twas green i' the sea, and white i' the sky.
Oh, do not ask me, ask we why
'Twas green i' the sea, and white i' the sky ;
Why from Profundus he did cry :
Suffice that he wailed with a chirruping note,
And quaintly cut was his motley coat.—

I have forgot the rest. Would I could sleep ;
Would I could sleep away an age or so,
And let Saul work out his own weal or woe :
All that I ask is to be let alone.

(sings)

Oh, to be let alone ! to be let alone ! ·
To laugh, if I list ; if I list, to groan ;
Despairing, yet knowing God's anger o'erblown.
Oh, why should God trouble me ?
Why should he double my
Sorrow, pursuing me when He has thrown
Me out of his favor ? Oh, why should He labor
Down lower ever thrusting me into Hell's zone ?
Oh, let me alone ! oh, let me alone !
Oh, leave me, Creator, Tormentor, alone.

Peace ; here comes Saul, more wretched than myself.

Saul's madness has but served to make him more bitter and unreasonable. He believes Samuel and all others to be his enemies, and broods over revenge. Even his gentle queen may not succeed in quieting his restless mind.

> By hell (he cries) it makes me fierce
> To hear the cant of silly dames and priests.
> Those talk of right, and charge great heaven with wrong;
> These dribble on my head their verbal spite,
> And say 'tis the thunder of heaven's waterspouts:
> Those honor me, yet count me reprobate;
> These send a fitful access unto me,
> And name it the evil spirit from the Lord.
> Out! out! shall I be silenced and beguiled
> By a chicanery that drives me wild?

Malzah again enters the poor king. Saul feels his madness coming over him, and cries out against his tormentor:

> Creature, begone, nor harrow me with horror!
> Thine eyes are stars; O, cover them, O, wrap
> Them up within thy cloudy brows: stand off,
> Contend not with me, but say who thou art.
> Lo! I am Saul, the sad demoniac king,
> But who art thou, strange, yet familiar?
> Methinks I know thee,—yes, thou art my demon;
> Thou are the demon that torments my soul.
> I charge thee say, mysterious visitant,
> At whose behest thou comest, and for what
> Offence deep of mine: nay, stand aloof:
> Confess, malicious goblin, or else leave me;
> Leave me, O goblin, till my hour is come:
> I'll meet thee after death; appoint the place;
> On Gilead, or beside the flowing Jordan;
> Or, if parts gloomier suit thee, I'll repair
> Down into Hinnom, or up to the top
> Of Horeb in th' wilderness, or to the cloud—
> Concealèd height of Sinai ascend,
> Or dwell with thee 'midst darkness in the grave.

In the third and last part of the drama, David, now married to Michal, Saul's daughter, becomes the king's most detested enemy. Saul cannot forgive him his popularity with the people, a popularity far transcending that of Saul himself, and continually plans his death. At length he openly broaches the subject to Jonathan, who cries out in horror at the suggestion. "Would you assassinate him?" he asks. The king deprecates the term.

> Things are the same, (replied Jonathan)
> However daintily the tongue approach them.
> Bitter is bitter, though the lips be not
> Allowed to wry themselves thereat.

" Peace," says the king.
Jonathan retorts:

> There is no peace when the black storm is muttering.
> You would o'erwhelm our house by this foul deed ;
> Would so affront the cloud and wind of heaven,
> That its already lowering indignation
> Should burst and deluge you, your wife, and children,
> And in its whirlwind overturn your throne.

At length Saul gives way to the eloquent pleading of his son, and promises to spare David's life,—

> We are weakest (he says)
> When we are caught contending with our children !
> Not tongue of wisest minister, nor his own
> Persuasive lips, that emulate the strings
> Of his own harp, himself in agony,
> With wet and upturned eyes, upon his knees,
> Pleading for life, could ever thus have turned me.
> Let him bring David to me ; I'll receive him.

But when alone, his fury breaks out once more against David, and he cries:

> Why have I sworn his life should be held sacred
> To please that fool, his fond dupe, Jonathan ?
> I'll break all wordy barriers, all oaths,
> If they shall stand between me and my will.

David returns from the wars, and is tenderly greeted by his wife, Michal, in a passage that furnishes an agreeable contrast to the gloomy rage of Saul:—

> *Michal* : Oh, season of disquiet turned to joy !
> This hour for days requites me. Sit, love, sit.
> They tell me that I am too fond of thee.
> Perhaps I am ;—and yet not fond enough.
> Oh, thou art dear unto me ;—yet wert not
> Dear, wert thou purchased with tenfold such fondness !
> But let them talk, who know not what they say ;
> For what care I for prudes who never knew
> Illapse into the lunacy of love.

Saul is plotting to destroy David, and he must fly if he would save his life. Michal lowers him in the night from a balcony of the house, and turns bitterly to the thought of her new loneliness. Meantime the

king alternates between fits of ungovernable rage, and bitter remorse. One may even pity him.

> There was a time (he says) when sleep
> Was wont to approach me with her soundless feet,
> And take me by surprise. I called her not,
> And yet she'd come ; but now I even woo her,
> And court her by the cunning use of drugs,
> But still she will not turn to me her steps ;
> Not even to approach, and, looking down,
> Drop on these temples one oblivious tear.
> I that am called a king, whose word is law,—
> Awake I lie and toss, while the poor slave,
> Whom I have taken prisoner in my wars,
> Sleeps soundly ; and he who hath himself to service sold,
> Although his cabin rock beneath the gale,
> Hears not the uproar of the night, but, smiling,
> Dreams of the year of jubilee. I would that I
> Could sleep at night ; for then I should not hear
> Ahinoam, poor grieved one, sighing near.

But if we pity Saul, how must we pity Jonathan, noble son of an unworthy father. The iniquities of the father are indeed visited upon the son. To his friend David, who has secretly visited him, Jonathan says:—

> David,
> I could now prophesy, but let me not
> Anticipate a melancholy doom . . . .
> Grant me the privilege of sorrow ; for I
> Feel that the fortune of our house is cast,
> And that I never can be king in Israel.

He begs David to be kind to his family after he lies

> "rotting in the sepulchre."

Saul, enraged at Jonathan because of his manly defence of David, casts his javelin at his son, to the horror of his officers, and the disgust even of Malzah, who, entering at the moment, says:

> I've had no part in this. I'm sorry too
> (Like thee, king) that I ever came unto thee.
> Zounds ! why I ought to have strong penance set me.
> Or else be branded with some sign of shame,
> For having volunteered for his undoing.
> There's no essential honor nor good i' th' world ;
> But a pure selfishness is all in all.
> Nay, I could curse my demonhood, and wish
> Myself to be thrice lost for that behavior.
> But I believe I am a very mean spirit.

The fruits of Saul's evil deeds he reaps with constant increase. Estranged from all that were most dear to him, suspicious of treason and treachery on every side, he has become a self-made outcast from his kind. We find him at Ramah, not far from Gibeah, seated beneath the shade of a tree, surrounded by his courtiers and soldiers, not one of whom he now counts either as friend or faithful servant.

I am alone (he cries), alone 'midst numbers.
I am a lone house 'midst a populous city
Whose tenants are abroad, where thieves have entered,
And there is none about to cry out "Robber!"
I am deserted; all do now desert me;
And in the middle of this grove of men,
I'm bare and barren, waste and bitter hungry;
Yea, hungry and no one will help to feed me,—
Will help to feed my gnawing, just revenge.

While Saul is pursuing David into the wilderness, Jonathan seeks him in the forest. He sings:

Come to me, love, come to me, love.
Lo, the moon gaily climbs up heaven;
And stars appear to twinkle clear,
And Hesper, queen o' th' seven.

For the gentle, nameless hour is come,
The hour 'tween day and night;
When feeble Age takes rest at home,
And abroad young Love delight.

He finds David, and tells him of Saul's fierce pursuit. David's sole comment is: "Alas, poor king!"

Yea, David, (says Jonathan) pity Saul;
For as thou risest, 'tis his doom to fall:
But let Heaven's will be done, that orders all.

Saul returns from seeking David, to attack the Philistines, and having defeated them, once more bethinks him of his hated son-in-law, who "on the stony mountains of En-gedi at present roams."

Shall he elude me thrice? (cries the king)
Three thousand chosen men I'll lead against him,
And end him now with all his band of outlaws.

There is an exciting passage-at-arms between the angel Zelehtha and Malzah, Saul's evil spirit. Malzah is discovered deserting his post for the more attractive regions of hell. Zelehtha says:

Whither art thou bound?

Malzah replies:

To Acheron.

Zelehtha:

> Stay here 'til I dismiss you.

The angel disappears, and Malzah sulkily mutters:

> I will stay no longer.
> Grieve Saul thyself ; kill David ; ay, kill me :
> For to live thus is worse than Tophet's torment.

Then, turning to Saul, he cries:

> I will end thee,—I'll tear thee yet to pieces ;
> Kill or be killed, or die as other men :
> Then will my liberty be mine again.
> I do begin to find this task beneath me,
> And hate thee even as I hate Zelehtha.

But the thunder-clouds of adversity are gathering thick and fast around Saul. Even strife and change now but feebly stir him, whose warrior soul had once gloried in conflict.

> I feel I'm growing old ; (he says) and creep along
> The remnant of my shortened days of age,
> Indifferent, toward where looms desolate,
> Death's sullen land . . . .
> Oh, I am sick to the bottom of my being !
> And there is no physician ; no going back
> To youth, and health, and herd-keeping in Gibeah.

Malzah is at last released from his most obnoxious task, and in unbounded delight breaks into song:

> Now let me fly,
> On legs of love and wings of joy ;
> And peep into each crystal glass
> Of fountain, as I by it pass,
> To see if from my visage go
> The traces of my recent woe :
> Then blithely let me journey on
> To meet Great Zaph ere sets the sun,—
> Before the sun sets 'neath the sea,
> Again to Zaph re-render me.

How he appears before Zaph, let Zepho, the messenger, describe:—

> He doth his angel-form abuse.
> Like naught in hell, like naught in heaven,
> Nor earth-born ;—up to frolic given,
> He cometh like a moving grove,
> Covered with creepers quaintly wove :
> Half like an ivy-covered tower,

And partly like a spreading bower :
'Twere hard, indeed, to find a name
To designate aright the same ;
A whole whose parts are jessamine,
Sweet-brier, and fragrant eglantine,
With cedar sprays and slips of fir,
And southern-wood and lavendar.
Upon his crown, that bold he rears,
A monstrous heliotrope appears ;
And central hung, beneath his nose,
An odorous, celestial rose ;
While lily-cups, perhaps filled for drought,
In white festoon surround his mouth ;
And buttercups and scarlet bean
Do vallance, like pied beard, his chin.
Upon his cheeks, like beds of bloom,
Are mignonette and marjoram ;
And balsam precious, from his ears
Protruding, bunched profuse appears.
Likewise a zone around him hung
Of various berries quaintly strung,
And rambling, tendrilled, fragrant pea
Around his rambling legs I see ;
And he, as hitherward he hurries,
Fool's-parsley 'tween his fingers carries,
While, still to keep the whole together,
He has procured the woodbine's tether,
And, as i' the midst, his eyes appear,—
They wear a wild and jovial leer :
Most different he, thus pranked around,
A green buffoon, than when I found
Him lately looking lean and bare,
Save covering of official care,
In Gibeah carked, and void of sense,
Save void on me his insolence.

This passage did not appear in either the first or second editions, but was added by Heavysege to the third.

We now approach the climax of Saul's tragic career. Forsaken of God, he visits the Witch of Endor, and seeks by enchantment to obtain from the ghost of Samuel help in his trouble, for the Philistines are pressing him closely, and he knows not where to turn for succour. Samuel tells him that the Philistines will be victorious, and that Saul and his sons must lie among the slain.

Saul raves in his anguish:

The priests ! the priests !—'twas Doeg's hands, not mine:
Mine are not red with Aaron's blood.—See, see !
Who comes before me yonder, clothed in blood ?

Away, old man, so sad and terrible ;—
Away, Ahimelech, I slew thee not !—
Nor these,—nor these, thy sons, a ghastly train.
Nay, fix not here your dull, accusing eyes.
Your stiff tongues move not, your white lips are dumb ;
You give no word unto the ambient air ;
You see no figure of surrounding things ;
But are as stony, carven effigies . . . .
Out, vipers, scorpions, and ye writhing dragons !
Hydras, wag not your heads at me, nor roll
At me your fiery eyes . . . .

Presently Saul regains his mind, and his thoughts turn into a more quiet field.

It is the morning of the final battle with the Philistines. Saul is discovered at the Hebrew camp in the valley of Jezreel. He is suffering the uttermost torments of human remorse.

Oh, hell, upbraid me not, (he cries)
Nor, loathing, spit upon me thy fierce scorn,
When, like a triple-offspring murderer,
I enter thee. O hell, I come, I come :
I feel the dreadful drawing of my doom.
O monstrous doom ! O transformation dread !
How am I changed !—How am I turned, at last,
Into a monster at itself aghast !
Oh, wretched children, oh, more wretched sire !—
Oh, that I might this moment here expire !
. . . . . .
All have gone from me now except despair ;
And my last, lingering relics of affection,—
And now let them be gone. Oh, break, sad heart !
Not those who soon shall die with me, but those
I leave behind shall shake my manhood most,—
My orphaned daughters, and my youngest born,
Poor crippled Mephibosheth.
For the rest, we are pressing unto one dark goal.

Now we reach the final scene, upon the battle-field of Gilboa. Saul's three sons lie slain, and the king enters mortally wounded and sinks upon the ground.

Now let me die, for I indeed was slain
With my three sons. Where are ye, sons ? Oh, let me
Find ye, that I may perish with you ; dying,
Cover you with my form, as doth the fowl
Her chickens ! O, Philistia, Philistia,
Thou now art compensated,— . . . .
Gush faster, blood,
And gallop with my soul towards Hades swift,
That yawns obscure.

The enemy's horse are heard approaching. Saul lifts himself with a last expiring effort and falls on his sword.

It is obvious that Heavysege laboured under many disadvantages in attempting such a tremendous subject as *Saul*—one which would have taxed the genius of even the greatest of modern poets, for any rendering of the mighty tragedy must perforce submit to a comparison with the faultless Biblical narrative. The chief defects of the drama, as Heavysege has given it to us, are its prolixity, its often defective versification, and the presence of anachronisms and other errors of fact or grammar, resulting from his lack of general culture. All these weaknesses were, however, to some extent rectified in the third edition of *Saul*. The merits of the drama have already been sufficiently indicated. It would have been a creditable performance for any, short of the few greatest names, and when we remember the circumstances under which it was actually written, one feels inclined to claim for Heavysege at least some measure of that genius which distinguishes the born poet from the product merely of contemporary culture.[1]

[1] "It must rank above every dramatic poem written in the English language during the present century, nor do we think that an exception to this judgment will be taken, except by some of Browning's admirers. Heavysege's blank verse is brilliantly expressive, and his imagination has capacities shewn by no other in our day. The author is richest in the greater qualities of the poet. In creative power and in the various range of imagination, in vigor, clearness, and variety of conception, and in force and subtilty of characterization, and in expressiveness of language he excels, and so much excels as to approach the performance of the greatest poets."—*The Commonwealth* (Boston).

"Though very long, no lover of genius can read the first act of the drama without reading to the last page; and numerous as are the scenes and characters portrayed, the unity of its purpose will be apparent, and the artistic yet simple management of the whole cannot but elicit admiration. Many passages remind me of the older English dramatists, and since the appearance of "Philip Van Artevelde" and "Ion," I have met with nothing in modern dramatic literature which has afforded me the real enjoyment I have derived from "Saul." It is not wanting in dramatic effect, though some conventional critics might find fault with certain passages on this score, and it is remarkably free from the mannerism and egotism so common in similar productions. The author displays a most delicate appreciation of inanimate nature, has a strong feeling for the ordinary feelings of humanity; and there is no sameness or monotony in his delineations of human character. He seems to have emulated the master minds of the past, and gives us lessons of deepest import without sanctimonious pretensions on his part. . . . .

"The general scope of this drama is in keeping with the Bible history of Saul and the leading personages associated with him; but of course the filling up, as it might be termed, is all original. The boldest attempt of our poet, perhaps, is that of introducing supernatural characters; and in manner of telling it, have a strange power over the reader."—(Charles Lanman, *Haphazard Personalities*, p. 271.)

Count Filippo, or, The Unequal Marriage,[1] a drama in five acts, was published by Heavysege at his own risk, in 1860. The play, while from a technical point of view, in its phraseology, versification, etc., it marks an advance upon the earlier aditions of *Saul;* in *motif,* dramatic power, and psychological analysis it is vastly inferior to that drama. One realizes, in fact, by a comparison of these two, the insufficiency of mere propriety of form or phrase to overcome radical weaknesses in thought and conception.

The play is founded upon the old problem of an unnatural and ill-omened union between youth and age. Count Filippo, an elderly nobleman, and Chief Minister of State to the Duke of Pereza, marries a beautiful young girl named Volina. The Duke, Tremohla, who feels his end approaching, has, on the advice of Filippo, arranged a marriage between his son Hylas and the daughter of the Duke of Arno—much to Hylas' disgust. The young prince bitterly resents what he takes to be Filippo's interference with his private affairs, and, at the instance of Gallantio, a disreputable noble—who also has a grievance against the old nobleman—determines to revenge himself upon Filippo by corrupting his young wife, hitherto carefully guarded from the temptations of the court. Hylas meets Volina, during Filippo's absence at Arno, and falls desperately in love with her. His better nature prevails for a time, and he repents of the wrong he would have committed against Volina. His evil genius, Gallantio, is, however, ever at his elbow with specious sophistry, which is strongly reinforced by the prince's own strong passions. Poor Volina withstands him for a time, but she is inexperienced, in love for the first time, and her would-be lover furnishes an all too attractive contrast to the ancient Filippo. She weakens, and Hylas has his way. Like Paola and Francesca they wander together in the garden, and Volina has lost that which may never be regained. Volina's pitiful appeal to Hylas to take her away to some forsaken spot where she may be forgotten, furnishes one of the most effective passages in the book:

> I cannot look the daylight in the face;
> How shall I meet my husband's angry eyes?
> Snatch me from Filippo or ere he come,—
> Hide me where night perpetually reigns.
> . . . . Pity me,
> Whom thou hast ruined, help whom thou hast hurt.

Hylas comforts her, and promises to take her to a place of safety. After he leaves her her bitter grief and remorse break out once more, and she

[1] *Count Filippo; or, The Unequal Marriage.* A Drama in Five Acts. By the Author of "Saul." Montreal: Printed for the Author; and for sale at the Booksellers. 1860. pp. 153.

determines to seek forgiveness of Heaven. She goes to the cathedral, where Filippo, her husband, has also come in disguise. Wishing to know the truth of horrible rumours that have reached his ear, he sacriligeously enters the confessional and hears his wife's wretched tale of sin and contrition. He promises her absolution if she will reveal the name of her paramour, but she refuses to do so, and goes away in despair, unshriven.

In the end the affair comes to the ears of the aged Duke, and all the actors in the tragedy are brought before him. Hylas weakly throws the blame on Gallantio, who is executed, for this and countless other sins. The Duke dies, and Hylas is to succeed him, but as Volina, whom Filippo has surrended, will not share his throne, they both retire from the world, she to a nunnery and he to become a cloistered monk. So the drama ends. With the exception of two or three passages, it is rather a weak production, and adds nothing material to Heavysege's reputation.[1]

Jephthah's Daughter,[2] Heavysege's third and last book, was published at London, in 1865. It was not a drama, as the other two are, but rather a dramatic poem, some twelve hundred and fifty lines in length, in the "heroic metre" which Heavysege had already made use of in *Saul* and *Count Filippo*. It is founded on the familiar Biblical story of Jephthah's rash vow, resulting in the sacrifice of his only daughter upon the altar.

This poem, while it reveals in an even more marked degree than *Count Filippo*, Heavysege's advance in the artistic value of his poetry,

[1] "The plot is painful and somewhat overstrained, but the story, and the manner of telling it, have a strange power over the reader.—(Charles Lanman, *Haphazard Personalities*, p. 271.)

"We weary of watching this continual strain for the grasp of two thoughts at once, as the eye wearies of long looking at stereoscopic figures, and we long for the simple statement of a great truth, or the hearty and direct expression of strong feeling. This is the great fault of the drama, to which is to be added the defect of characterization. Briefly, too, as to the rest, the author does not show in wise or philosophical views of life the fruits of profound knowledge or instinctive comprehension of its relations. This is to judge the play by a very high standard, it is true; but its merits are so great that it can be gauged by no lower. If it be the work of a young man, and he has the genius to create a style of his own, he may become the first dramatic poet of the age."—*Albion* (New York).

[2] *Jephthah's Daughter*. By Charles Heavysege, Author of "Saul." Montreal: Dawson Brothers. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston. 1865. pp. 74 (20 pages of sonnets added.) (This is the only one of his books of verse which bears his name.)

George Murray, F.R.S.C., reviewed *Jephthah's Daughter* at length, soon after its publication. His treatment of this, as of the two previous books, which he had also reviewed upon publication, was eminently keen and impartial.

more nearly approaches *Saul* in the grandeur and dignity of both subject and treatment. The intensely tragic situation created by the inevitable fulfilment of Jephthah's vow, has been finely worked out, the only fault one is disposed to find with it being the poet's persistent prolixity. Supremely tragic moments do not, in real life, give birth to long flowery speeches from the main actors, but rather simple, forcible intense phrases, hammered out in the stress and agony of the moment. One cannot help feeling that Heavysege might have made some of the passages in his poem more natural, and therefore more effective, by the use of sterner repression in his choice of words and phrases. But in other respects one may unreservedly approve the dignity, music, and interpretative value of the language, and also the skilful manner in which the story is worked up to its dramatic climax. Heavysege is preeminently an interpreter of moral impulses. He is never so successful as when dealing with a subtle moral situation, or tracing the development of character. This latter point is well illustrated in the growth of the soul of Jephthah's daughter, from the natural weakness of her first pitiful protest against a seemingly unjust fate:

> "O think how hard it is to die when young;"

to her final heroic acquiescence in the divine decree. While at first she almost upbraids her father for cruelty, in the end she becomes eager to accept martyrdom for her country's good, and instead of seeking sympathy, comforts her father and mother in their intolerable grief.

The poem opens in these words:

> 'Twas in the olden days of Israel,
> When, from her people, rose up mighty men
> To judge and to defend her; ere she knew
> Or clamoured for, her coming line of kings;
> A father, rashly vowing, sacrificed
> His daughter on the altar of the Lord;—
> 'Twas in those ancient days, coeval deemed
> With the song-famous and heroic ones,
> When Agamemnon, taught divinely, doomed
> *His* daughter to expire at Dian's shrine . . . .
> Two songs with but one burden, twin-like tales.
> Sad tales, but this the sadder of the twain. . . . .

Jephthah's daughter comes dancing to meet him, with her maidens, welcoming him home from his victorious campaign, but instead of the joy she expected to see on her father's face, she reads there horror and despair. Jephthah thrusts her from him, and she returns in bewilder-

ment to her mother's tent. Jephthah, in a delirium of distress, prays to the God of his fathers:

> Behold, I am a rash, imperfect man,
> With but one cherished child, a daughter, lamb,
> Whose life I staked, not knowing what I did.
> Forgive, forego; or say what ransom thou
> Demand'st, what price. I give thee all I have
> Save her . . . .
>
> He said, and stood awaiting for the sign,
> And hears above the hoarse, bough-bending wind,
> The hill-wolf howling on the neighbouring height,
> And bittern booming in the pool below. . . . .

Then follow three or four lines that are curiously Tennysonian—the only evidence, with one exception to be mentioned later, of Heavysege having read any of the poets except Shakespeare:

> And from the scabbard instant dropped his sword,
> And with long, living leaps and rock-struck clang,
> From side to side, and slope to sounding slope,
> In gleaming whirls swept down the dim ravine. . . . .

Jephthah, failing any answer from inexorable Heaven, returns to his tent, to meet the fierce denunciations of his wife:

> Is this the triumph thou didst promise me?
> This thine arrival, that, in lieu of bringing
> To my house glory, gladness to my heart,
> Comes like a robber, taking from me all?
> All men are robbers, like the Ammonite,—
> Even thou, for thou wouldst rob me of my child;
> . . . . what is public weal,
> If merely it must mean a private woe?
> Woe to thee, Jephthah, if thou thus hast sworn!

Jephthah replies:

> Peace, opprobious woman,
> Nor interpose loud lamentations where
> 'Twere best to hold a dumb, though deep, distress.
> Canst thou with words mete out thine agony?
> Then is that slight that should be infinite.

Unfortunately for Jephthah's consistency, he himself proceeds to "mete out his agony" to the extent of some twenty-five lines. Heavysege got to the very root of the matter here, and yet failed to profit by his own wisdom.

But Jephthah must face a more terrible ordeal than his wife's anger. His daughter comes and pleads with him for her life—she, his only beloved child.

> Spare me, father, spare me ?
> Cut me not down or ere my harvest comes ;
> Oh, gather not the handful of my days
> In a thin sheaf of all unripened blades !
> . . . . . .
> Imprison me in some sad cell, deep dungeon ;
> Wrap me in chains ; . . . .
> but, Jephthah, not at once
> Demand my end ; still let me live . . . .
> I will resign all pleasure, and accept
> Of pain . . . . lonely dwell,
> . . . . Beneath the fretted bars,
> That measure me a few blue feet of sky,—
> All I shall ever see . . . .
> No more upon the upland lingering,
> Behold the weary sun's low, cloud-coifed head
> Droop in the drowsy west ; nor twilight dim,
> Sickening through shadows of mysterious eve,
> Die midst the starry watches of the night.

Jephthah replies:

> I dare not let thee live, yet would now dare,
> Yea, now do long to die for thee . . . .
> How shall I part from thee . . . .
> I have sworn,
> And cannot from my honoured oath go back,
> For by its answer has success been won. . . . .

Then we hear the father's heart-broken cry:

> Oh, hadst thou been less dutiful, less fair !
> But thou hast been the sunshine of my years,
> The hope, the care, the solace of my heart. . . . .

Jephthah's daughter is not yet obedient to the sacrifice. She still pleads for her life.

Jephthah desperately retorts:

> Oh, spare me, daughter, these most piteous pleadings !
> . . . . . .
> Forbear, forbear : behold, I am as one
> Who walks, while in his sleep, upon the leads.[1]

Again we hear the daughter's cry:

> It is a bitter thing to die when young :
> To leave all things we loved, admired, most cherished,
> Forgot, perhaps forgetting.

[1] Hardly in keeping with the period.

And then, at last, comes the change. She forgets self, and sees the larger meaning of her death:

> Were it not great to die for Israel,—
> To free a father from a flood of woe ?

Having cast the die, she turns to her maidens and takes leave of them:

> Now is the burden of it all "No more."
> No more shall, wandering, we go gather flowers,
> Nor tune our voices by the river's brink,
> Nor in the grotto-fountain cool our limbs.

The priests enter, and she begs for a short respite.

> Spare me some little moments more of life . . . .
> Hark ! how the wood awakes, and starts to sing
> A solemn anthem, and remotely hums
> The mellow tumbling of the waterfall.
> All beats with life, all yet is youthful, and
> Rejoicing in the trust of coming days. . . . .

Then, as she makes ready to go with the priests, she says:

> Brief are the pangs of death ; the bliss enduring
> Of having bought my country her repose,
> My sire some peace, and left him undishonoured.

Jephthah, in his agony, urges the priests to search the law, if there be not some way of escape from the sacrifice.

They reply:

> Nothing, once dedicate to Heaven, returns ;
> Nought, so to Heaven devoted, is withdrawn,
> However costly, or however dear ;—

Jephthah's daughter takes leave of her father, and urges him to comfort her mother.

> Farewell, farewell,
> To both, to all . . . .

And then the gates of the future are unlocked, and she sees herself shrined in the hearts of youth and maiden,—

> Recording how, inviolable, stood
> The bounds of Israel, by my blood secured.
> Nor more shall they thus celebrate myself
> Than laud my sire ; who, in his day of might,
> Swore, not in vain, unto the Lord, who gave
> Him victory, although he took his child ;—
> Took her, but gave him, in her stead, his country,
> With a renowned, imperishable name.[1]

[1] There is great art in the development of the daughter's feelings from her first natural terror of death to the hallowed resignation with which she finally prepares for it, still casting a sad, submissive glance on the fair world she quits . . . . There is a sense, too, of noble pride in her sacrifice ; she gives herself for her country no less than for her father. . . . . There is no need after our quotations, to say that the character of Jephthah's daughter displays both imagination and feeling."—*Athenaeum* (London).

In addition to the main poem, in this volume, are contained some twenty sonnets, or quasi-sonnets. These Heavysege had not thought of including, but was persuaded to do so by some of his Montreal friends.[1] The poems are very irregular in form, hardly ever fulfilling all the demands of the sonnet, and in some cases bearing no resemblance to it, except that they contain fourteen lines. Strictly, therefore, as sonnets, one cannot unreservedly commend them; but as short poems, several of them are strikingly beautiful and suggestive. Here is one:—

'Twas on a day, and in high, radiant heaven,
An angel lay beside a lake reclined,
Against whose shores the rolling waves were driven,
And beat the measure to the dancing wind.
There, rapt, he meditated on that story
Of how Jehovah did of yore expel
Heaven's aborigines from grace and glory,—
Those mighty angels that did dare rebel.
And, as he mused on their dread abode
And endless penance, from his drooping hands
His harp down sank, and scattered all abroad
Its rosy garland on the golden sands,
His soul mute wondering that the All-wise Spirit
Should have allowed the doom of such demerit.

A comparison of the following sonnet, as it appears in *Jephthah's Daughter*, with its original form, in the 1855 volume of *Sonnets*,[2] is

[1] They were selected from Heavysege's early book of *Sonnets*, by Dr. S. E. Dawson, who had to a certain extent revised *Jephthah's Daughter*, and prepared it for publication. Dr. Dawson was at that time a member of the publishing firm which brought out *Jephthah's Daughter*.

[2] The stars are glittering in the frosty sky,
Rank as the pebbles on a broad sea-coast;
And o'er the vault the cloud-like galaxy
Has marshalled its innumerable host:
Alive all heaven seems! with wondrous glow
Tenfold refulgent every star appears;
As if some wide, celestial gale did blow
And thrice illume the ever-kindled spheres.
How awful is the night when thus it comes!
How terrible the grandeur of its gloom,
When, in one visit, recklessly it sums
Glory a whole dull age could scarce consume.
Methinks in heaven there's revelry to-night,
And solemn orgies of unknown delight.

instructive as showing Heavysege's constant effort to bring his verses nearer that artistic perfection which he had ever in view.

The stars are glittering in the frosty sky,
Frequent as pebbles on a broad sea-coast;
And o'er the vault the cloud-like galaxy
Has marshalled its innumerable host.
Alive all heaven seems! with wondrous glow
Tenfold refulgent every star appears,
As if some wide, celestial gale did blow,
And thrice illume the ever-kindled spheres.
Orbs, with glad orbs rejoicing, burning, beam,
Ray-crowned, with lambent lustre in their zones,
Till o'er the blue, bespangled spaces seem
Angels and great archangels on their thrones;
A host divine, whose eyes are sparkling gems,
And forms more bright than diamond diadems.

The XIX sonnet is interesting as containing the only local reference to be found in Heavysege's poems. It has regard to Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal,—the old church, not the present building.

How often do I hear thee, Christ Church Bell,
Tolling the quarters through the busy day,
And, with repeated, monitary knell,
Announce the moments still refuse to stay. . . . .

Heavysege published four separate poems, in addition to those already mentioned. None of them, however, appeared in book-form. One was an Ode read at the Shakespeare Ter-centenary celebration in Montreal, on the 23rd April, 1864. It contains about eight hundred lines, and is very uneven and faulty in execution. The opening sentence furnishes an excellent example of Heavysege's incorrigible longwindedness. It covers eighty lines,—even Ruskin could hardly have beaten that! The poem is particularly disappointing inasmuch as one naturally looked for Heavysege's very best work, when dealing with his favourite poet. In spite of occasional passages of some merit, the Ode is on the whole creditable neither to author nor subject.[1]

Jezebel, a poem in three cantos, published in the *New Dominion Monthly*, Montreal, in 1867, is a much finer production in every way. Heavysege was in his element when dealing with Biblical themes. He caught the very spirit and atmosphere of the strenuous Hebrew life. In this poem a masterful picture is drawn of the passionate and unscru-

[1] "Hardly worthy of the author of *Saul*."—(Charles Lanman, *Haphazard Personalities*, p. 271.)

pulous Jezebel, and of Ahab, her weak and effeminate husband. Jehu, too, is here, fierce bearer of God's vengeance; and Elijah, the Prophet, but that inspired figure was beyond the power of a Heavysege to picture.

The Owl, a poem of twenty-five stanzas, is curious as being a direct imitation of Poe's *Raven*. If Heavysege was influenced at all by modern poetry, it must have been by the works of Edgar Allan Poe. Many of the characteristics of Poe's verse will be found in that of Heavysege, the sombre tone, the leaning towards supernaturalism, and the occasional tendency to lapse even into morbidness. There is, of course, no comparison possible between the achievements of the two poets. The genius of Poe rose far beyond the utmost reach of Heavysege. The latter lacked many of the qualities essential to the making of truly great poetry, although some few he undoubtedly possessed.

The Dark Huntsman, the only other poem of Heavysege's which to my knowledge has ever been published, is a trifle longer than *The Owl*. It is a weird conception, worked out with a good deal of native power. By adopting a metre of four anapaests Heavysege gave a fine swing and sweep to the lines, very appropriate to the subject. He also made a rather effective use of Parallelism,—which someone has called the "rhyme of ideas." This he probably took from Biblical poetry, although it marks another point of resemblance to Poe.

It remains only to mention Heavysege's one disastrous attempt at prose fiction. His novel, *The Advocate*,[1] was published at Montreal, in 1865. The scene is laid in Montreal, about the beginning of the century. The general quality of the dialogue may be gathered from the following extract. The old French Canadian Seigneur has been remonstrating with Amanda, the heroine of the tale, because she will persist in marrying his son. This is her defence:—

"It was accident that brought us face to face; as we observe the sun and moon—that are separate in their seasons, and withal so different in their glory's given degree, brought monthly, as if fortuitously, though in reality, by eternal, fixed design, into conjunctive presence amidst the sky. Yet who shall blame the sun and moon for that?"

"None," said the Seigneur.

"Then let no one blame your son and me," continued Amanda, and if Heaven, perhaps to try us, has ordained that our paths should cross each other, as might two strange and diverse celestial bodies pass apparently too hazardously near each other in their appointed orbits . . . .

[1] *The Advocate*: A Novel. By Charles Heavysege. Montreal: Richard Worthington. Toronto: Rollo and Adam. 1865.

[This novel was reviewed at the time in some of the Canadian papers. Outside periodicals would not condescend to mention it, and indeed it deserved no better treatment. Professor Murray's review, in one of the Montreal newspapers, was probably the most satisfactory. He treated it adequately, and very severely.]

And so on, *ad nauseam*. One would be glad to think that Heavysege meant all this as a species of rather clumsy humour, but his works reveal very little that might be called humour, and certainly nothing that would help us in the present case. The style of the book is stilted and affected, the action is generally impossible, and sometimes absurd, and many of the characters are overdrawn. The character of the whole novel is such as to reveal Heavysege's utter inability to write even mediocre prose fiction.

One turns with relief, and not a little surprise, from this grotesque failure, to the undoubted dignity and charm of his poetry. On this his reputation may securely rest, and especially upon the drama *Saul*, the dramatic poem *Jephthah's Daughter*, and the sonnets. His work is in no sense distinctively Canadian, but it is none the less valuable, and should not be overlooked by anyone who takes an intelligent interest in Canadian literature.[1]

[1] For the information of those who may care to still further pursue the subject, it may be mentioned that Heavysege and his works are briefly treated in the following works and articles, among others :—

Bibliotheca Canadensis, by Henry J. Morgan, p. 181.

"Our Intellectual Strength and Weakness," by Dr. (now Sir) John George Bourinot, *Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada*, Vol. XI. (1893), pp. 13, 41. Also in the same author's *Intellectual Development of the Canadian People*.

"A Sketch of Canadian Poetry," by Professor A. B. DeMille, in *Canada : An Encyclopædia of the Country*. Vol. V.

"Canadian Poets and Poetry," in Dr. Thomas O'Hagan's *Canadian Essays*.

Histoire de la Littérature Canadienne, par Edmond Lareau, p. 77 *et seq.*

"Heavysege," in *Dominion Illustrated*, Vol. III., p. 266.

Our Strength and their Strength, by Rev. Æn. MacD. Dawson, p. 154 *et seq.*

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A.

(Extract from an editorial in one of the Montreal newspapers.)

"It is with sincere regret that we announce this morning the death of Mr. Charles Heavysege, which took place on the evening of Friday last. The sad news was a considerable shock to his friends, for, although for some years past the deceased poet had been suffering from extreme feebleness, his frequent appearance in his well-known resort tended to keep aloof the thought that death was so near, and even gave some hope that he might yet be spared for a long time. He had been accustomed to spend a portion of every day in Phillips' Square, and there he was seen quite recently by persons connected with this journal. In conversation with the writer about a fortnight ago he referred sorrowfully to the change that had come upon his once seemingly almost indefatigable energies of mind and body, and spoke of death as the only possible termination of this terrible malady, with gentle resignation. He attributed, rightly no doubt, his premature loss of strength to over-work, for it had never been his wont to spare himself. Both before and after his connection with journalism, he was a severe student and a constant and profound thinker. In the performance of his allotted duties no man could be more conscientious. His wish to do thoroughly, according to his ability, whatever he undertook, amounted to a passion, and had even something chivalrous in it. In some departments of newspaper work he could have had few superiors—especially in precis-writing and condensed-reporting. Some of his productions of this kind might serve as models. He also, although he never acquired, never, perhaps, having aimed at, remarkable rapidity in the use of the pen, excelled as a writer of articles on subjects of current interest, confining his attention, for the most part, to those which embraced the progress and improvement of the city. Mr. Heavysege had been a journalist for fully sixteen years, his first engagement having been on the staff of the *Transcript*, and his second, which lasted till failing health unfitted him for active labor, on that of the *Daily Witness*."

APPENDIX B.

[The following letter from Mrs. Middlemiss (a daughter of Heavysege's) was received while this paper was going through the press.]

"As a boy my father was thoughtful and studious. I have heard him say that his first pennies given to him by his little mother, went to purchase a small volume of his beloved Shakespeare. His parents did not sympathize with him in his early literary work, rather frowning upon it than otherwise.

"One of my father's characteristics was his very sensitive conscience. If a doubt existed in his mind as to what was his or another's, the other got the benefit of the doubt always. As an instance of this I remember his coming

into the house one day with a smile on his face, saying that some logs were lying partly on his ground, partly on our neighbour's, that he had drawn them over onto his, but conscience so troubled him that in desperation he had picked them up and hurled them back again.

"His first published book, 'The Revolt of Tartarus,' he wished destroyed, and did destroy all copies he could lay his hands on. As a child I stood in mute wonderment to see him tear the books and cast them from him, ruthlessly pulling them from what I thought their beautiful blue and gold covers. A prose story written later, 'The Advocate,' shared the same fate. Had my father not possessed that wonderful patience and determination characteristic of the English, he never would have been able to publish the works he did, for they represent all the little leisure, and time stolen from needful rest and recreation. Yet I know after all they were his happiest hours. I do not remember how long he was in writing 'Saul,' but 'Saul,' 'Malzah,' 'Zaph' and his hosts, were household words for many years. He wrote under conditions at times that would have been impossible to most men, for seated at a table of an evening, the family all gathered round him sewing or reading, the piano perhaps being played by one of us in an adjoining room, he wrote steadily on, utterly absorbed, lost to all surroundings. He wrote during the earliest morning hours, and loved when the house was still to write far into the night. . . . .

"He was very human in his sympathies, keen to suffer or enjoy, lofty in his ideals, but not demonstrative in his affection. God in nature was a theme he loved to talk about; the future, and a future state, he thought much on, and was not altogether, at one time, quite orthodox, according to some.

"He loved Canada's beautiful maple trees, her gorgeous autumn leaves, her silent country, and the snow. Often did he climb Mount Royal to see the sun rise from its summit, and gaze on old St. Lawrence lying prone below. Returning for breakfast, he would dwell upon the glory we sleepers had lost by not following his example. The elements in commotion, a storm brewing or breaking, the starry heavens, all called forth words of rapture, and—shall I say it—if a street fight was in progress he wanted to look on; the dramatic element was too strong to be resisted. He had a violin, and so used it as to suggest the idea that it was a sort of safety valve for pent-up feeling. His love for music is shown in "Saul." He would join our little family concerts for a few moments, throwing in his rich, deep voice in rolling abandon, then would slip away again to his writings and proof-sheets.

"My father made several trips to Boston with reference to the publishing of his books, and was asked to meet some literary people at the home of the late Miss Cushman.

"How much he regretted that so much of his life had to be devoted to newspaper work I leave you to imagine. . . . .

"More than 'Jephthah's Daughter,' 'Saul' was his best beloved work. His words were, and they were uttered as a prophecy—'"Saul" will live long after I am dead.' Still, how often do the thoughts of inventive brains, and the rich effusions of deep hearts, go to oblivion. . . . .

"I remember how sensitive he was to the praise or adverse criticism contained in reviews of his books. . . . .

Highland Park, Illinois.
July 23rd, 1901.

HELEN MIDDLEMISS.

APPENDIX C.

(Charles Heavysege *to* Charles Lanman.)

Montreal, Oct. 12, 1860.

Dear Sir,—I must beg pardon for my delay in answering your generous letter, which was *six weeks* old before I got it from our post-office ; and since that time various circumstances have conspired to delay my reply. Your good opinion of what I have written gratifies me much; and I gladly attempt to give you the sketch of my history which you require. I was born in England, as I believe you are aware ; my ancestors on the paternal side being of Yorkshire (whence Mr. Gales of the *Intelligencer*.) I was what is usually styled religiously brought up, and, though my works are dramatic, taught to consider not only the theatre itself, but dramatic literature, even in its best examples, as forbidden things. Hence, when a boy, it was only by dint of great persuasion that I covertly obtained from my mother some few pence weekly for a cheap edition of Shakespeare that was then being issued in parts. From the age of nine until the present time, except a short period spent at school, it has been my lot to labor, usually from ten to thirteen hours daily, and with few or no intervals of relaxation. But I was always thoughtful and observant of man and nature, and, from childhood, felt the stirrings of poetry within me. These were cherished in secret for many years ; and, being of a rather retired, and, perhaps, solitary disposition, I, until lately, wrote unknown to any except those of my own family.

The first recognition I met with was from the "North British" and "Saturday Reviews," and I believe some others in England that I have not yet seen. "Count Filippo" received a most flattering notice in the New York *Albion* ; and Mr. S. Stephens, who is just returned from Boston, tells me that he heard me very favorably spoken of by Emerson, Longfellow, and Mr. Fields (of the firm of Ticknor & Fields). Still, I am at present unknown, and my writing, hitherto, has been under inconveniences that might surprise the author who is accustomed to retire into the quiet of his study when engaged in composition. That I have often repined that it should be so, I will not deny. In a literary sense, fortune has hitherto been but a step-mother to me, but I trust that better days are in store, when I may have that leisure to see, study and write, which is all that I crave. Again thanking you for your kind intention toward me, believe me, with best regards to Mrs. Lanman,

Your truly,

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

P.S.—Out of "Saul" I have just finished condensing an *acting* play for a New York manager. If justice be done to it in the performance, I think it will succeed ; anyhow, it is a beginning, and may lead to something further. I should be happy indeed to do anything to elevate and refine the stage. Should you hereafter honour me with a letter, you shall find that I appreciate it by answering promptly. Could you post me a copy of the article which you may write, or inform me when and in what paper to look for it ?—C. H.

(Charles Heavysege *to* Charles Lanman.)

Montreal, Feb. 11, 1861.

Dear Sir,—Although so long deferred, allow me to perform a duty as well as a pleasure by expressing my sincere thanks to you for your able and judicious notice of me and mine in the New York *Evening Post.* I cannot imagine your selections to have been better made, for the limited space at your command (a remark which has also been made by others). I fear that in the States these are scarcely times to pay attention to literary performances, but your kind notice cannot but have effected its purpose ; indeed, immediately upon its appearance, I received a communication from one of its readers.

Once more, then, permit me to thank you, and also to hope that the political tempest in which, I suppose, you at present live, move, and have your being, may not to your ears entirely drown this breath of acknowledgment, so that it pass by you as the idle wind that you regard not. With respects to yourself and Mrs. Lanman, and hoping to be continued amongst your correspondents, believe me,

Your truly,

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

(Charles Heavysege *to* Charles Lanman.)

Montreal, L.C., Oct. 2, 1865.

My Dear Sir,—If it is pleasant to make new friends, it is still more agreeable to find that we yet retain the old ones.

Such a pleasure you have just afforded me in offering to follow up in the "Round Table" the article in the *Atlantic*, entitled "The Author of 'Saul.'" To that end I have great pleasure in presenting you with a copy of "Jephthah's Daughter" and of the "Shakespeare Ode." Of course, the idea of remitting me the money for these is a jest. I must, indeed, ask your pardon for having neglected to send you a copy of them at the time of their publication.

You ask me to tell you all about myself. Believe me, sir, there is no one to whom I would sooner do so. Yet what I could with propriety communicate might not, at present, so much interest the public. What they would wish to learn is something about my works, and of course your aim would be to make them acquainted with them, according as you think these labours deserve.

The few facts of a biographical nature given in the *Atlantic* are generally correct, and I still remember the writer[1] calling upon me one morning for a few minutes as he states. You will not have quite forgotten my accidental interview with yourself at the house of Mr. Stephens. What I have throughout my life had most to regret has been, and now is, a want of leisure to devote to practical pursuits. You will know that to be the reporter and local editor of a daily newspaper[2] does not permit of the seizing of those inspired moods, which come we know not how, and leave us we know not wherefore. I have been for the last five years engaged in the daily press of this city, with

[1] Bayard Taylor.

[2] He was then on the Montreal *Witness.*

the exception of one brief interval when I returned to my original calling. It was during that short interval that "Jephthah's Daughter" was written. The Ode was composed to be delivered on the occasion of the Shakespeare tercentenary celebration, in Montreal. It was undertaken at the request of a few gentlemen, the principal one of whom was, by the by, an American resident here. What the *Atlantic* says is true. Longfellow, Emerson and Americans here and at home have been the earliest and fullest to confess that they saw something of promise and even of performance, in your present correspondent; and I fancy it will be on your side of the line that I shall first obtain (if ever I do obtain it) a decided recognition, as being one amongst those who in the present day have written something which gives them a slight title to the name of poet. Canada has not a large cultivated class, and what of such there is amongst us not only misdoubts its own judgment, but has generally no literary faith in sons of the soil, native or adopted. I often think that if fortune had guided my steps towards the States, say Boston, when I left England, the literary course of my life would have been influenced for the better. But it is too late to regret. If you should prove instrumental in some degree in introducing me to the American public during the reading season that is now about to commence, I shall be glad. I should likewise feel obliged if you would refrain from making allusion to any narrowness of circumstances, either of myself or parents. Of course you know that I have been, and am now, one of what is called the working class, a circumstance of which I am rather proud than otherwise; but my father was the heir to a patrimony which, from a romantic idea of justice, he, on coming of age, sold, and divided the proceeds amongst his relatives, and so reduced himself from the condition of a yeoman to that of one dependent upon the labour of his own hands. My maternal grandfather, too, wasted a small fortune in the indulgence of a too gay and hospitable disposition, which eventually brought him to end his days in an inferior position.

Forgive me for giving you this, perhaps superfluous, caution, but for so doing I have family reasons which you can readily understand. For the rest, you can make what use you please of these latter items of information, if you think they will confer any interest or grace on your promised notice. This will be the second time you have kindly striven to serve me, and if you would send me a copy of the "Round Table" containing what you shall think fit to write, it will give me another occasion of acknowledging my obligation to you. With best respects to Mrs. Lanman, believe me,

Respectfully,

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

(Henry W. Longfellow *to* J. Henry Hunt.)

Cambridge, April 18th, 1860.

My Dear Sir,—Immediately on receiving your letter I went to see Mr. Dickson, the only publisher I know well in Boston as the best one for poetry.

He was not prepared to say very decidedly "Yes" or "No" to Mr. Heavysege's new volume, Mr. Fields, his partner, being absent and it being within his department to decide in such cases.

Mr. Fields is in Europe, but is expected early in the summer. This may be too long to wait.

I have never seen "Saul," but the passages given in the foreign reviews struck me as being very fine.

If I were Mr. Heavysege, I think I should rather publish my work in Canada, than in the States.

I would plant my brains on my own soil.

I remain, Dear Sir,

Yours truly,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

(Charles Lanman *to* Charles Heavysege.)

Georgetown, D.C., 14th Feb'y, 1861.

My Dear Sir,—I have received with great pleasure, your letter of 11th inst.

There is a lover of good books in this place named Shoemaker, and I gave him your books to read.

He was delighted, and on returning them, he gave me the enclosed sonnet.

The *motive* will please you at any rate, and I now write, merely to enclose the compliment.

Don't print anything without telling me.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES LANMAN.

(R. W. Emerson *to* Charles Heavysege.)

Concord, Mass., 19th April, 1864.

My Dear Sir,—I duly received your leter containing the agreeable news that you had a "tale" ready for publication. It was not in my power to see Mr. Fields very early, for he has been absent in New York, but early last week I found him and gave him the letter for his consideration. He was well acquainted with your name and poetic labours, and was glad to receive the communication. He has since been charged with new cares and duties, on account of the sudden death of Mr. Ticknor, so that I have not heard from him on the subject; but I shall see him at the end of this week, I doubt not to report to you his wishes. I am a very reluctant writer, and I wish it were my only sin, in this way, my postponing and at last omission to acknowledge the safe arrival of the new copy of "Saul" you were so good as to send me. It certainly did not happen from any less sense of its high merits.

With great regard and respects,

R. W. EMERSON.

(R. W. Emerson *to* Charles Heavysege.)

Concord, Mass., 2nd May, 1864.

Dear Sir,—I believe I was so heedless as to write you to the effect that Mr. Fields had the question of your offered Mss. under consideration.

When I saw Mr. Fields two days ago, he said he was waiting daily in expectation of the arrival of your papers.

Pray send them to him if ready with due speed.

He can have no hesitation until they come, and then I hope will have none.

Yours with great regard,

R. W. EMERSON.

(Bayard Taylor *to* Charles Heavysege.)

139 East 8th St., New York, 14th Jan., 1865.

My Dear Mr. Heavysege,—I think "Jephthah's Daughter" in an artistic point of view, an advance on "Saul." It is solemn, sustained, pathetic—up to the level of the subject—and the few faults I should find with it, are simply mechanical,—as, for instance, the frequent ending of a line in "and," which always mars the effect of heroic blank verse, both to the eye and ear. You are a true poet, but the way to acknowledged success, even for such, lies through *drudgery*. Examine "Gray," "Collins," "Goldsmith," in our day "Tennyson," and you will find what can be done with the polishing tools, after the poem is shaped in the mind.

My object, however, is not to preach, but to ask a favour. I have spoken to Mr. Fields, of the "Atlantic Monthly," and obtained his acceptance (in advance) of a paper upon you and your works. He asks that the article shall be personal as well as critical, containing some account of yourself and your history.

Now, I should be very glad if you would furnish me with whatever biographical data you are willing that I should mention.

I also am sure that a little sketch of your life would give interest to the article, and call more attention to your poems.

I write in great haste to-day, and propose a further correspondence shortly.

Very truly yours,

BAYARD TAYLOR.

(Bayard Taylor *to* Charles Heavysege.)

139 E. 8th St., New York, 6th Feb., 1865.

My Dear Sir,—I am greatly obliged to you for your prompt compliance with my request, and also for the package of "Saul" and "Count Filippo." The latter, I believe, you sent to me when it was first published, but I never received it. I still think that "Jephthah's Daughter" is the most balanced and complete of your poems in an artistic sense. "Count Filippo" has fine passages, but is less truly dramatic than "Saul." I am too hurried to-day to go into a review of it, and, indeed, I am so much accustomed to *talk* with my friends about their works, that I have lost the facility of writing. I wish you could manage to come here for a fortnight, say in March. I would take great pleasure in making you acquainted with our authors and artists, and I think such acquaintance would be an advantage in every way. It is not good for an author to be alone. For my part, half of my working energy depends upon contact and conflict with other minds.

I shall soon go to work and prepare the article for the "Atlantic," but you must not expect to see it before June, as the numbers are made up so

much in advance. I shall always be glad to hear from you and to further your wishes in any possible way.

Very sincerely yours,

BAYARD TAYLOR.

(Bayard Taylor *to* Charles Heavysege.)

Kennett Square, Penn., 19th July, 1865.

My Dear Sir,—No doubt you have wondered at the non-appearance of any article upon your poems, in the "Atlantic Monthly." I wish to assure you, therefore, that the article has been for some time in the hands of the Publishers, is accepted by them, and will appear very soon—not later, I think, than September. My sister's marriage and other domestic occurrences prevented me from writing it before May, as I wished to read all your works carefully over again, and make a paper which would interest and attract the reader. I will confess to you, in advance, that I have very frankly judged your poems, according to *my* point of view (that of a single individual, and therefore by no means infallible), measuring them by what is my highest standard. Though I have not given indiscriminate praise, I hope you will not be disappointed with the *spirit* of the criticism. The article was written *con-amore*, and I sincerely hope that it may attract attention to your genuine qualities as a poet.

I shall be very glad to hear your impression, after its appearance, and beg that you will write to me, not only then, but whenever you are willing to exchange your views of literature or life for mine.

Always sincerely yours,

BAYARD TAYLOR.

(Bayard Taylor *to* Charles Heavysege.)

Cedarcroft, Kennett Sq., Penn., 6th Oct., 1865.

My Dear Mr. Heavysege,—I have just received your letter, which has given me great pleasure.

My experience of authors has taught me that candour is more or less a risk; and the article in the "Atlantic" was candid, if nothing else.

I gave my sincere and deliberate opinion as to the merits and faults of your poetry, judging it, of course, by my highest standard.

I should have made a better article, but that I was limited as to space, and particularly requested not to quote much.

Under these restrictions, I could not make a very complete *critique*; but I hope it will at least have the effect of calling attention to your poems.

The article, I am glad to see, already has attracted notice: I have seen several references to it in the newspapers.

It is possible that I may visit Montreal, sometime between now and next spring, on copyright business; if so, I hope to have frequent opportunities of seeing you.

I have just completed a poem of over 3000 lines—an art-idyl, called "The Picture of St. John," but do not expect to publish it for a year yet.

When I go to New York for the winter, I shall send you the new pocket edition of my poems, in return for yours.

Pardon the haste with which I write (being just on the eve of a journey),

And believe me,

Always very sincerely yours,

BAYARD TAYLOR.

(Sir John A. Macdonald *to* Charles Heavysege.)

Quebec, 30th January, 1865.

Dear Sir,—On my return to the seat of Government the other day, I found waiting my arrival the copy of "Jephthah's Daughter," which you were so kind as to send me. Pray accept my best thanks for the gift. I read "Saul" when it first appeared with equal pride and pleasure.

The intrinsic merits of the poem conferred the pleasure, and as a Canadian I felt proud of our *first* drama.

I have no doubt that "Jephthah's Daughter" will maintain the credit of the author of "Saul," but I am obliged to reserve the careful perusal of it until after the termination of the session. With reiterated thanks.

Believe me to be, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

JOHN A. MACDONALD.

Charles Heavysege, Esq., Montreal.

APPENDIX D.

("The Modern British Drama," *North British Review*, August, 1858.)

"Saul" is in three parts, each of five acts, and altogether about ten thousand lines long. It is the greatest subject, in the whole range of history, for a drama, and has been treated with a poetical power and depth of psychological knowledge which are often quite startling, though, we may say, inevitably, below the mark of the subject-matter, which is too great to be done full justice to, in any but the words in which the original history is related.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"The author proves that he knows the Bible and human nature. Shakespeare he also knows far better than most men know him; for he has discerned and adopted his method as no other dramatist has done. He takes not virtue and morality, and their opposites *generally*, as other dramatists do, but these under the single aspect of their dependence upon *spiritual influences*, of whatever kind: the direct influence of the Divine Spirit; and the influence of good spirits; and of the principalities and powers of darkness; and even the mysterious influences of music, the weather, etc., upon the moral state of the soul. Like most of Shakespeare's plays, this drama has the appearance of being strangely chaotic. There are hundreds of passages for the existence of which we cannot account until the moral clue is found, and it would never be found by a careless or unreflecting reader; yet the work is exceedingly artistic, and there are few things in recent poetry so praiseworthy as the quiet and unobstrusive way in which the

theme is treated. In a work written upon this noble symbolic method, one is never sure of *exactly* stating the author's meaning,—indeed, as we have said of Shakespeare, the meaning is too full to be stated more briefly than by the whole poem ; but we are sure that we are not far from the writer's intention, when we say, that in Saul he represents a man who is *eminently* the creature of spiritual influences ; who is of the happiest sensitive and perceptive constitution, but lacks the one thing needful, the principle of *faith*, which would have given the will to submit himself to the good influence and resist the bad. "Faith wanting, all his works fell short," is the only *explicit* statement in the whole poem of this idea ; but the whole poem indirectly implies it. This view of Saul's character, which is amply justified by Scripture history, is carried out and illustrated with an elaborate subtlety of which it is impossible for us to give our readers an adequate idea. The evil spirit of the King is brought personally, under the name of Malzah, upon the stage ; and we are made to understand Saul's nature, and the nature of all who are the more or less passive slaves of the natural and spiritual influences *ab extra*, by the exaggeration of this character in the spirit himself, who is depicted with an imaginative veracity which we do not exaggerate in saying has not been equalled in our language by any but the creator of Caliban and Ariel. Malzah is decidedly "well disposed," like many another evil spirit, human or otherwise; he knows his faults; is almost changed, for the moment, into a good spirit by artistic influences, especially music ; he has attained to be a deep philosopher through the habitual observation of himself ; and does not at all like the evil work of destroying the soul of Saul,—a work which he undertook voluntarily, and to which he returns as the fit takes him. The following passages will carry out what we have said, and will illustrate the oddity, subtlety, and originality of this writer's language.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"In this poem, for the first time, spirits have been represented in a manner which fully justifies the boldness involved in representing them at all. Malzah is a living character, as true to supernature as Hamlet or Falstaff are to nature ; and, by this continuation, as it were, of humanity into new circumstances, and another world, we are taught to look upon humanity itself from a fresh point of view, and we seem to obtain new and startling impressions of the awful character of the influences by which we are beset. Seldom has art so well performed the office of handmaiden to religion as in this extraordinary character of Malzah, in whom we have the disembodiment of the soul of the faithless, sophistical, brave, and generously disposed king of Israel, and a most impressive exposition of the awful truth, that he who is not wholly for God is against Him. For proof of our opinion we can only refer the reader to the entire work, of which a few separate passages are no tests whatever."

[In a recent letter, Dr. Richard Garnett, late keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum, informs me that the author of the "North British Review" article was the late Mr. Coventry Patmore, author of "The Angel in the House," etc.]

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